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OBSERVATIONS IN FRANCE

FRED B. SMITH



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SECRETARIES READY FOR FRONT LINE TRENCH

OBSERVATIONS IN FRANCE

FRED B. SMITH

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FOREWORD

Perhaps it is unnecessary to excuse the appearance of this small book; but both the reader and the author will be happier if it is remembered that no attempt is made to present conclusions about the war or the countries involved, but simply a statement of vivid impressions. It is hoped that they may help somewhat to keep those at home faithful in the period of that greater sacrifice yet to be demanded before the complete victory is achieved. Though not particularly superstitious, I have been led to have a rather high estimate of "first impressions." In a variety of experiences they have often proven of value, concerning people, places, and events. What is presented here is largely just the impressions of things seen and heard, people met, and meetings participated in, at over eighty different military centers—from the sea ports to the front trenches, to battle lines and back to rest camps.

There was no "scientific investigation," the favorite boast of most transients. I did,

however, give unusual attention to the question of the morale and morality of the American Expeditionary Force and have confidence in the accuracy of the conclusions arrived at upon these points.

I am dissatisfied most in not being competent to describe more adequately the gracious work of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is so varied, so unique, so timely, that it can be fully appreciated only by those who see it at first hand.

Most of my time was spent in France. However, I paid a short visit to the British Isles. My experience confirmed the impression that we Americans have been right in our high estimate of Great Britain's service in this war. Her readiness to sacrifice and her solid courage, evidenced in 1914 when she entered the conflict, are even more marked in her life in 1918. "Sacrifice" to her seems incidental, "honor" fundamental.

The most casual visitor in the war area is moved with a sense of reverent gratitude for the spirit of moral fortitude manifested by America's Allies. They are worthy of our best; we must be worthy of their best.

F. B. S.

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I

THE OVERSEAS YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Dressed in a Young Men's Christian Association uniform, traveling over the sea as the leader of a party of Young Men's Christian Association secretaries, and looking forward to Young Men's Christian Association work, naturally I was anxious most of all to know what the Association would be like in this new situation. I had known it in twenty-five years of very happy relationship as employed officer; in Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, India, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, the British Isles, and continental Europe; in the Spanish-American war, in the mobilization camps and in Cuba; in most of the great cantonments in the home country since April, 1917: but now I was eager to see what it would be like in France in the Great War.

My curiosity was highly rewarded. First

of all, I was tremendously impressed with the magnitude of the headquarters organization. Fortunately, I arrived at a time when Dr. John R. Mott was in Paris holding conferences with all the departments, planning for extensions commensurate with the needs of the ever-enlarging army, and looking into the future to make provision for all the conditions that are yet to arise in the long months and possible years of the war.

Then I came in contact with E. C. Carter and Fred B. Shipp, the executive secretaries—a rare combination of two men, each with qualifications very different and yet each the complement of the other. Mr. Carter, the far-sighted diplomat, busy adjusting a legion of relationships; Mr. Shipp, the calm business executive—they were dispatching great activities clear down through the whole machine, intended to serve every soldier and sailor not only of the American Expeditionary Force, but also any and all fighting for the cause of the Entente Allies. But this is only a favorable beginning in



FRED B. SHIPP AND E. C. CARTER

anything like an understanding of the vastness of this job of supervision.

If you enter one door of this great headquarters at 12, Rue d'Aguesseau and look around, it reminds you of a great transportation bureau. There is S. C. Wolcott, Transport Director; with his associates, he is driving furiously to get the secretaries moved to their places of service—no mean task amid the problems of war necessities. Outside a line of immense trucks is waiting for supplies to be transported over country to the 700 huts. Suits, uniforms, blankets, cots, tents, auto parts, canteen outfits, books, magazines, organs, and goodness knows what else—all these are being called for and must be supplied or the real work will suffer.

If you enter another door, it reminds you of a modern banking house. Here associated with Mr. Shipp is F. A. Jackson, the Comptroller of the New York Life Insurance Company in Europe, acting as Chairman of the Finance Committee, and A. M. Harris of the Harris-Forbes Company of

New York City, serving as Treasurer. Accounts have to be audited, disbursements arranged, salaries adjusted, purchases made. Literally millions of American dollars are being handled with as great skill as in any modern corporation. To the man at home some faint idea of the magnitude of this department's responsibility may be gained in knowing that the "turn over" is more than \$35,000,000 this year.

If you enter another door, you are reminded of a Methodist Conference keenly on edge when appointments are being made or bishops elected. Here associated with Mr. Carter and Mr. Shipp is Frank W. Pearsall, State Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York and Miss Martha McCook, daughter of the late Col. John J. McCook, in supervision of the Personnel Bureau. Upon them rests the supreme responsibility of the final word in assigning the men for the huts and the women to the canteens. Over twenty-five hundred such decisions have already been

made and hundreds more will be made every month. If this were the only task at headquarters it would be a tremendously tense and vital place.

If you enter by another door, it seems at first sight like the assembling of the National and American league baseball clubs, the opening day of a basket ball tournament, and the grand rally of world famous tennis players all combined. Here Dr. McCurdy and his staff, including Dr. Naismith, the father of basket-ball, are planning for the physical upkeep of millions of fighting men; they plan to have recreation and wise information on health questions and sex hygiene go hand in hand. Alike the military authorities and the soldiers are calling for this important service.

If you enter by another door, you may think you are entering Yale, Harvard, Princeton, or some other great university. Here is Dr. John Erskine of Columbia University, planning a campaign of educational work largely based upon technical studies

intended to make the soldier more efficient, to increase his possibilities of promotion, to keep his spirit sound, and finally to bring him back home better prepared to continue his normal vocation.

If you enter by another door, you seem to be in some great entertainment bureau, theatrical assembly, and Grand Opera rehearsal all at one shot. Here is Charles M. Steele in charge of the amusement section. The best in the world are enlisting, that their talent may be at the service of the great army. E. H. Sothern, John Craig, Elsie Janis, and a host of others like them are being toured and giving the best they have in these huts. Five-dollar patrons on Broadway get no better than our soldiers.

If you enter by another door you surely think you are in the center of some Bible Society, evangelistic conference, or theological seminary. Here Dr. Robert Freeman of Pasadena, California, and Bishop Brent of the Protestant Episcopal Church are in command. They are trying to meet the de-

mands of the 1,800 secretaries as they call for Bibles, testaments, hymn books, religious literature, Bible study courses, and speakers for the religious meetings. They are preparing special services for Mothers' Day, Memorial Day, Easter, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Christmas. They are editing, issuing, and distributing religious literature—prayers, hymns, and the like. More insistent and deeper than all the appeals from all over the field is this call for help to make the challenge of God, of Jesus Christ and the Christian life, the supreme thing in the lives of the men of the Army and Navy. The doubting and fearful about this element will find quick relief in this room of the throbbing headquarters.

If you enter by still another door, you seem to have moved to France permanently. Here "Dri" Davis, of crew fame at Syracuse University and the hero of the Young Men's Christian Association work in Constantinople in the early years of the war, is in charge of the "Foyers du Soldat" cam-

paign. Responding to the call of the French Government, the work being done in the American huts is being reproduced in every great center of the French Army. Plans are now being executed for 2,000 of these, 600 of them being already in operation. It seems almost a dream to think that this Christian work of the Young Men's Christian Association with our own soldiers should so have impressed the French officers that they have importuned their own Government to open the way for this wonderful opportunity.

The main doors of headquarters in Paris have many side doors and supplementary departments. Every hour you are there you meet a new outreach of this agency of general direction in its masterly effort to make the whole organization as highly efficient as possible. Some of the following who are in the service suggest the power being added through these side doors:

W. E. Seatree—member of Price, Waterhouse & Co., in charge of our accounting.

Mr. Seatree's firm is perhaps the leading accounting firm in the world, with offices in all the principal cities of America and Europe.

Dr. E. P. Lord, of the Faculty of Dartmouth College, who heads up the medical service for Y M C A workers in France.

T. E. Brown, of Philadelphia, construction engineer, who has general charge of the erection of huts throughout France.

A. M. McFadyen, General Manager of S. H. Kresge 5c and 10c stores, who has general supervision of the Post Exchange and Canteen Service.

J. F. Mason, President of Dodge Publishing Co., of New York, who is the business executive of the Library Department.

W. D. Foster, of the Community Motion Picture Co., of Boston, who directs the Motion Picture service.

Hon. Franklin S. Edmonds, of the Philadelphia Bar, who heads up the whole question of soldiers' leave.

It seems as though nothing known to earnest men prompted by the love of God is

being overlooked in this wise station of supervision, through which the consecrated energies of American men and women are being set in motion for the welfare of the American Expeditionary Force and the winning of the war.

But I was stirred to the very depths by my campaigns up on the border line of the battle. I was sent for a short series of meetings into one of the districts of which Albert Chesley is the supervising secretary. Every kind of work ever done in the history of man I found being done that the soldiers may be kept right while they fight. "Huts" thronged with men day and night, writing letters, playing games, and singing songs—I soon learned that in most places these huts are absolutely the only decent places where these men can go in and sit down awhile outside the barracks, which are so crowded there is scarce room for bunks enough, to say nothing of space for recreation. The canteens are presided over by 500 American women, and here in a short time the men get



DR. MARGARET S. COCKETT AND MISS MARTHA McCOOK
Supervisors of Women's Canteen Work

a taste of real home life and memories. Chocolate, coffee, lemonade, cakes, sandwiches, cigars, cigarettes, and a hundred other little things are sold at small expense. Bible classes, church services, and evangelistic meetings are held. Outside, athletic directors are conducting basket-ball, baseball, and games of every description to keep cheer in the men's hearts, as well as giving health talks to guard the men against the soldier's greatest enemy. I had the privilege of witnessing the arrival of a brand new baseball in a camp where they had been without one for seven months. The "top sergeant" shouted down the line, "A baseball, boys!" They broke loose in a shout as enthusiastic as might have been expected if the news had been that the Kaiser had surrendered. "A mail from home" would not have been received more cordially than was that baseball. It did not take me long to understand why the wise General Pershing has pleaded for more and more Young Men's Christian Association secretaries; morale is

even more vital than guns and powder in war, and I found this organization present in full swing to answer this demand. I had an unexpected rare privilege in an interview with a captain of the French Army, who had seen much of this Christian expression in the war. He said: "The most famous thing in the history of this war will not be the battle of the Marne, of the Somme, or of Verdun, but the work of the Young Men's Christian Association." His enthusiasm knew no bounds as he described what he had seen.

I followed Chesley and Hoffman up to the front, where we found a Negro regiment, and on into the trenches. At the opening of the "boyau" there was a dugout ten feet square, fitted up as a Young Men's Christian Association hut with a colored Secretary in charge. I followed them on into the front line trench to within 120 yards of the Bosches, up to the last soldier in that guard, a colored boy from New York. From every city, town, church, and home in the United States clear to the trenches this Young

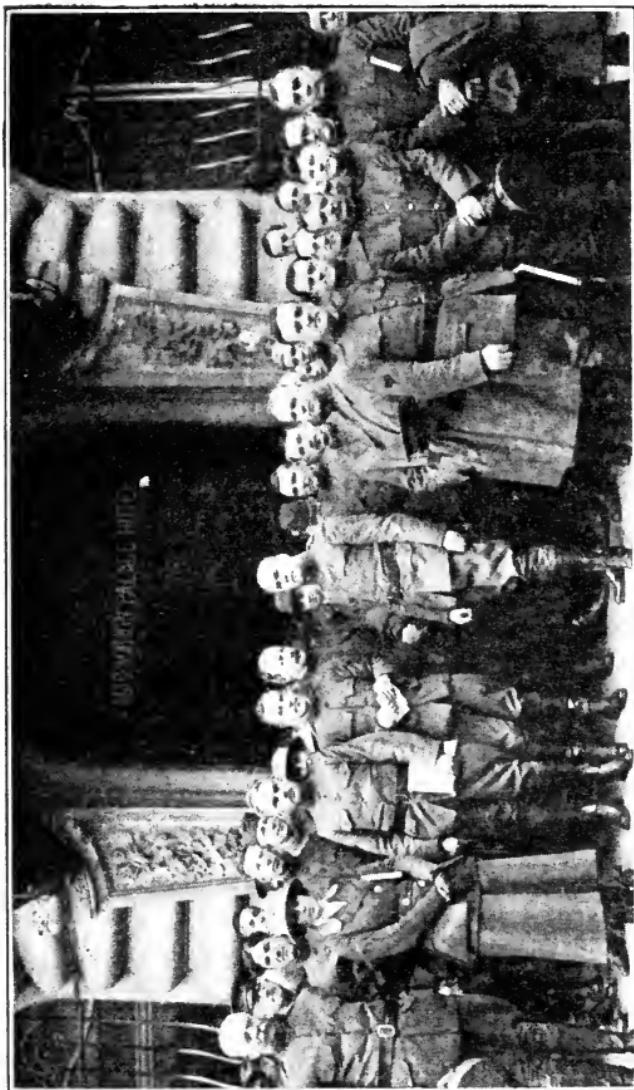
Men's Christian Association gives its service of supplies, good cheer, and sound morality to the soldiers. The guns were hurling shells over us both ways. An air battle was on over our heads and the earth shook with the roar of cannon, but the Association went quietly on with its work as unconcerned as it would be on Fifty-seventh Street, in New York. At the close of that day I understood what the soldier meant whom we passed on the banks of the Gironde as our ship neared Bordeaux. He was one of a few camped to guard a dock, and recognizing soldiers on the ship, he shouted: "Have you got a Y M C A on there? If you have, give it to us!"

The impressions of those first visits were confirmed as I traveled from camp to camp, till I had visited and spoken in over eighty of these huts. They were also confirmed in a short visit in England and Scotland, where the same plan is being carried out under the direction of Mr. Ewing and his associates for the American forces in the British Isles.

That the pressure of temptation is terrific upon these men is only a mild statement. They are away from home, they are sometimes depressed, they have opportunities for evil from which they were more protected at home; but nevertheless, taken as a whole, they are keeping right morally. Credit may not wisely be given entirely to any one cause or agency for their general good order. Home training at fireside and in church is showing its power with many. The attitude of the Government upon vital morality is an ever-present inspiration. The words of sound Christian advice and warning spoken by General Pershing and other officers are an element of great strength to them. The chaplains, all too few in number, are entitled to warm praise for their faithful service to the highest interest of the enlisted men. Other Christian organizations share well in the good results being secured, but as the last culminating voice this Young Men's Christian Association is the savor of life, hope, and salvation to these soldiers by tens of thou-

sands. My knowledge of many Christian enterprises has been rather intimate for over twenty-five years; yet with due appreciation of the value of most of them, I do not hesitate to say that this work is the most remarkable I have ever seen. It is meeting the most stupendous moral crisis in the century and is meeting it in a manner so effective that it must give profound satisfaction to anxious mothers, fathers, and other relatives at home, as well as to all who love patriotism and pray for victory.

If America could see as I see today, this work would not call in vain for men, women, or money to prosecute the effort to the fullest degree—to the last regiment in France, Italy, and England, as well as at home. More Christian business men would close their desks and come over. More earnest, mature women would put aside their duties and quickly find their places in these canteens. More local Associations would reorganize, to loan yet others of the employed officers to man the unoccupied camps and re-



NATIONAL LEADERS GATHERED IN PARIS
E. C. Carter, John R. Mott, and Fred B. Shipp in foreground.

lieve the already vastly overworked men now serving. More churches with red-blooded pastors would rejoice to release their ministers for a period to share in this unparalleled Christian opportunity. Check books would open and safety boxes give up their reserves, that every dollar needed might be forthcoming. This work has passed the sentimental, although it is still that; but it is a *war* measure of first importance and a future national asset in preserving the health and morality of these men, the active leaders to be of the new order, economic, civil, and religious—the fathers of the next generation. America does well to respond by gifts of her money for Liberty Loans, by gifts of her sons to fight the battle of guns, but it will be the tragedy of the nation's history if she fails to sustain this work to the uttermost!

II

FRANCE AND THE WAR

There is no more difficult task than to attempt a statement of one's impression of this nation in the center of the battle zone. Conflicting reports had put me in a mood prepared to doubt almost everything I might see; and, therefore, much of what follows is the result of being convinced against my preconceived ideas.

I was not altogether a stranger to France, having visited it several times and been charmed by its life and people. I had read its history with some care. But like millions of people, I had been following it since 1914 only through books, magazines, papers, and returned folks; therefore I waited with peculiar interest to see it, for four years the ground of the mightiest war of Adam's race. Slowly I moved into it and had my vision in this manner.

At the first I was surprised, and a little disappointed to find everything apparently

so normal, so calm, so much the same as when I had seen it just a little while before the war. Coming in at a southern port, the first trip was by daylight eight hours to Paris. There were some military camps along the way and a good many soldiers, but not more than can be seen in riding the same distance almost anywhere in the United States. The train, a beautifully equipped one, started on time and reached Paris on time. No delays, no excitement—just regular high grade traveling—a first class dining car, and plenty to eat of the best any land ought to afford. I had had four times as many inconveniences at home where the war was 3,000 miles away as I had here within 100 miles of the world's most titanic battle. Later the same conditions were found to be true on the railways to the north, right up to within twenty miles of the battle front, as well as east to Verdun and Nancy.

The people were working quietly in the beautiful fields. They were riding in leisurely fashion along the lovely roads. The

fields were green, the flowers were blooming, the birds were singing, and all seemed serene. The next morning I walked down the Boulevard in Paris, and here again there was a little disappointment. Cabs, omnibuses, and subways were running regularly. Shops were open with the usual tempting windows. Looking at the prices, I saw they were about as favorable as those in New York. I had carefully stocked up with plenty of films for my camera, having been told by the New York dealer that prices were "terrible in France." I saw the same films in Paris marked less than I had paid on Forty-second Street in New York. American shoes of standard brand were displayed marked ten per cent less than they can be bought for in Boston where they are manufactured. The people bowed "Bon-jour" with the same grace as of old. No ruins were in sight. No guns could be heard. I walked through to the Tuileries gardens, and saw a merry-go-round running and the children stabbing for the brass ring just as

they do at Coney Island. In the distance, as of old, stood the Eiffel Tower, Napoleon's Tomb, and the Madeleine. They looked just the same. Profuse advertisements of "Aida," to be sung that night, were on the bill boards. I bought a glass of pink lemonade for ten cents at a nearby stand, drank it and sat down to think, wondering if this was after all the country where the Great War was raging.

The French people do not flaunt their troubles and it took some time even to begin to see the marks of war. Slowly these marks were revealed.

Of all of them the one that becomes most apparent and which stubbornly forces itself into one's presence everywhere is the sight of the women dressed in black. Aside from the unfortunates of the underworld, little by little I was made conscious of what has come to France by the fact that practically every adult woman was in black livery. Every home in the nation has its death, and every wife, mother, and sister her sorrow. This

is no mere figure of speech, it is a cold, terrible fact. Many a home in which there were two, three, four, able-bodied men, in the spring of 1914, now has none or possibly one. I saw women at manual tasks in numbers that were overwhelming. To keep the people fed and the machines going, they have been called to bear the heaviest burdens ever carried by their sex. Something has been added to the line "For men must work and women must weep." The war has made the women of France weep; but it has done more—it has made them the great burden-bearers. The longer one looked, the more war and its horror could be read in the faces and lives of the women. They are farming, working the munition plants, running the railroads, carrying the baggage in railway stations and hotels, operating street cars, busses, and heavy trucks, digging ditches, laying water and gas mains, as well as performing those tenderer duties of earlier wars in hospitals. If a comment can be added which may seem apart from this statement,

I will suggest that this view of woman power has thoroughly, completely, and everlastingly committed me to female suffrage. If in a world crisis women will rally with smiles on their faces to such a physical test, it is ridiculousness gone mad to say they may not speak on Election Day. Admiration has not increased for wild-eyed, tangled-haired street corner haranguers, but they are incidental to the larger justice due these women war-winners.

Then, in a yet closer study, it was observed that all the able-bodied of the male population of middle years were gone. This, too, came as a rather slow impression, but gradually became intense and depressing. Absolutely no man able in body, between the years of eighteen and fifty, except in uniform. No fine distinctions of the "first," "second," "third," or "fourth" class are mentioned. Those with "dependents" are just the same as those unattached. The physical test of fitness is only to be able to see, march, and carry a rifle and a pack.

The draft on France man power is terrible. The young lads and gray-haired men have taken up the heavier tasks without a murmur. War is soon written on the faces of these feeble, aged men and upon young lads prematurely made old by unseemly burdens.

Then, I moved toward the front and on into the war zone and into the front line trenches, and then by automobile one hundred and twenty miles through the devastated country, past beautiful villages wrecked and deserted, into the silent, ruined walls of Verdun. Looking from the hill of the Marne, fields dotted with graves of the dead of battle could be everywhere seen. I heard from the lips of an old saint, a Frenchman to whom I had a letter of introduction, the face-to-face story of the frenzy of the Huns as they tore through that garden spot. In one destroyed village, into a little low roofless room fifteen feet square a priest has carried a few remains from a wrecked cathedral, to preserve so far as may be the memory of God. A few beautiful seats were



A FRENCH CHAPLAIN AT THE FRONT

there. On the walls six feet high were paintings that would not be out of place in the Metropolitan Museum, but the faces of Christ and Mary had been mutilated by the Germans. Marble pieces of Christ on the Cross had been viciously hammered, just to show the hate of that army for anything held sacred by the French. Once in a while some half-starved, pinched face would peep out from a door, one of the little group which had been too poor or too weak to get away. At another place we had a view of one plot of ground where not less than 6,000 French soldiers lay buried, martyrs to the cause of liberty. Little by little it becomes clear that practically every wheel turning in the factories of the whole nation is answering not the natural needs of the people but the stern necessities of war. All the higher schools and universities are absolutely closed. The peasants of the north are seen with a few belongings on a cart or wheelbarrow or, more often, on their backs wandering southward, destitute and homeless. When I had

summed up, then and not till then did the “hell” of war become real. Wrecked homes, lands, schools, factories, churches, and hopes in the north present a picture of the blackness of heart of the system which precipitated the slaughter.

After one passes that first impression that things seem to be so normal and undisturbed by the war, there comes the overwhelming knowledge that nothing is normal, everything is changed. An oft-repeated expression which at first I could not understand tells the story. It is heard from the people by the roadside, in the railway station, in the army camps, and everywhere—“C'est la guerre!” “c'est la guerre!” Just war, just war. For, notwithstanding that calm outer appearance, all of France from north to south, from the Channel to Switzerland, is under the ponderous weight of war. All the natural hopes and plans of the France of the spring of 1914 have been shot to pieces. The French have placed every possession—human, political, religious, and economic—

on the altar of sacrifice, to win the war not only for themselves but for the world.

The way led to Domremy, the birthplace of Joan of Arc, by the fields where she saw her visions; and as we looked deeper and deeper into the sacrifice, calm courage, and heroism of France in this hour, it seemed as though there might be heard again the voice of Joan, with Rousseau, Rochambeau, and Lafayette echoing it, calling across the sea to America for liberty. It is a great people that can stand this shock without crumpling. Millions dead, millions wounded and permanently incapacitated, billions of francs spent, a large area of territory completely ruined; oppressed by a type of prolonged war more beastly than the wild Zulus propagated in their worst days; facing, it may be, many weary months and possibly years more before the victory—amid all this they are full of courage in their home life and their army is standing like adamant, ready to bear everything to the end. France has been the cradle of the world's great ideals of human

liberty. She has fought gloriously for these in the past. There is something pathetic beyond expression in France bearing again the largest burden of sorrow and sacrifice in this new and greatest struggle for human liberty. But she will emerge greater and grander than ever. The more one looks and studies France in this crisis, the greater becomes the desire to stand with uncovered head and say: "*Vive la France!*"

I cannot better present my own feelings about France than to accept the sentiment expressed by a colonel of an American regiment which is fighting, shoulders touching, with the French. He had been months in camps from the south to the north. He had seen both the patient fortitude of the people and the splendid courage of the soldiers. He is a calm, well-seasoned American, every inch a soldier. I met him first in Chickamauga, in 1898, as an officer of our army. Now at mess, far to the north under the roar of German guns, he said, "I have been in two wars for my country and am proud of

the chance, but I am too old to go again. If Uncle Sam gets in another scrap, the younger chaps must do the job. I shall never go again unless *France should have another war and then if I can help her I will put on a uniform and fight once more.*"

No thoughtful American can study the France of 1918, recall the momentous years, 1914-17, and think of Rochambeau and Lafayette, and the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, without feeling the force of this soldier's pledge.

III

THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Beyond the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Red Cross, France and its Army, interest centers primarily in the actual facts concerning the men of the Army and Navy in this new war situation. The heart of America is wrapped up in these young men. Therefore, it is easy to understand with what anxious eagerness we embraced the opportunity of seeing them and of learning the truth about the conditions surrounding them. Coming into the scene of the real conflict, I was glad for the wide range of my earlier contact with this fighting force. I had seen these young men as they left home with the bands playing and the people cheering, and again as they were "getting settled" in the big cantonments, and been with them many times in the long months of training. I had seen them in the

embarkation camps, had crossed the sea with them and knew the story of ocean travel, had stood on the dock in France and watched the unloading, and had observed them enter the final training period before going up front. During all of this they had been carrying on in all kinds of unattractive manual labor, policing camp streets, carrying wood and water, building fires, shining boots, digging trenches, and performing a multitude of similar jobs—none of which had been mentioned in that fiery patriotic speech when the home orator called upon them to go out and fight to make the “world safe for democracy.” I had been present when under the cover of the dark night they had at last been silently marched into the trenches, and also with them in that front line where they stood by day and slept by night in the persistent rain and the indescribable mud. Once more I had been with them after the battle, when many had been wounded, and then in *repos* camps resting up to “go back at them” again. I was pre-

pared for my impressions of the Expeditionary Force by a varied and rather complete round of experiences, and with this setting went at the task of summarizing my thoughts with real zest. Among those most conspicuous are these:

Camouflage

“Camouflage, O Camouflage!”—when the Great War is over and most of the names of the battles, generals, and great events are forgotten, you will remain the outstanding feature of this world war.

It permeates everything. When the army arrives in France, it arrives just Somewhere, when it moves, it moves Somewhere. Everything is nothing and nothing is not on the map. Nobody knows where anybody is in the army and would not tell you if they did. Cities famous around the world have lost their identity. I called one of that kind on long distance telephone one day and was severely told by the operator that there was no such place in France, and then asked if

I would like to speak to "Podunk." Inasmuch as that was the only tangible thing heard that day, I said, "Yes." After waiting a long time I got the connection, only to be told the name had been changed and I would have to wait till the next day to get the new name. The ships on the sea are camouflaged to look like any old thing except what they are. The big guns of the artillery are made to appear as creeping things of the dust. The aviation centers are garnished to mimic the ancient forests of cedars of Lebanon. I drove one day with a Young Men's Christian Association secretary toward a hut at the front through a valley that seemed as peaceful as the countryside in New York State. Suddenly there was a roar that made the earth shake. A "barrage" had been ordered without asking our permission. We then discovered that that whole valley was full of artillery; a thousand big guns had been set going by the tick of a telegraph instrument. But for that shooting we would not have known there was a cannon within

ten miles, although we were within fifty yards of some of them. They disguise the roads where they are exposed to enemy fire. Things that look like nothing are something, but you cannot find out what it is or what they are. "Somewhere in France," there is a camouflage factory upon immense proportions for manufacturing camouflaging devices. Nobody knows where it is, nobody knows who runs it, nobody knows what they use to make it of, nobody knows what they make, nobody knows where it goes. Just camouflage. Really this illusionizing process is one of the marvels of the war and gives evidence of an almost matchless genius in its execution. The following verses by Private Walter MacDonald, band leader of the 164th Infantry, give a vivid picture of the soldiers' idea:

SOMEWHERE

It's a sizable place this "Somewhere,"
As big as the whole battle zone;
We eat it, we sleep it, we breathe it,
And it causes us many a groan.

We left from the port of "Somewhere,"
And we traveled "Somewhere" on the sea,
'Til we landed again at "Somewhere,"
And it sounds mighty funny to me.

We left "Somewhere" for "Somewhere,"
And we're camping "Somewhere" for a spell;
It's got so, when one mentions "Somewhere,"
We put up an awful yell.

There's a "Somewhere" in France and in England.
And "Somewhere" else at the front;
It was "Somewhere" the boys were in battle,
Just "Somewhere" bearing the brunt.

It's "Somewhere" the Censor is cutting,
"Somewhere" from letters we write;
It seems we've been "Somewhere" for ever,
And it has us—sure—ready to fight.

At night we no longer have nightmares,
We dream of one continuous trip
From "Somewhere," back home, to "Somewhere,"
When we sleep in slumber, we slip.

Geography's all gone to the races—
The face of the map has been changed,
"Somewhere" in, "Somewhere," via, "Somewhere,"
And our minds are completely deranged.

Ye Gods, is this world mad completely,
Will sanity ever reign again;
Will we ever get back from "Somewhere" to Earth?
If so—Oh, Lord, tell us when.

Democracy

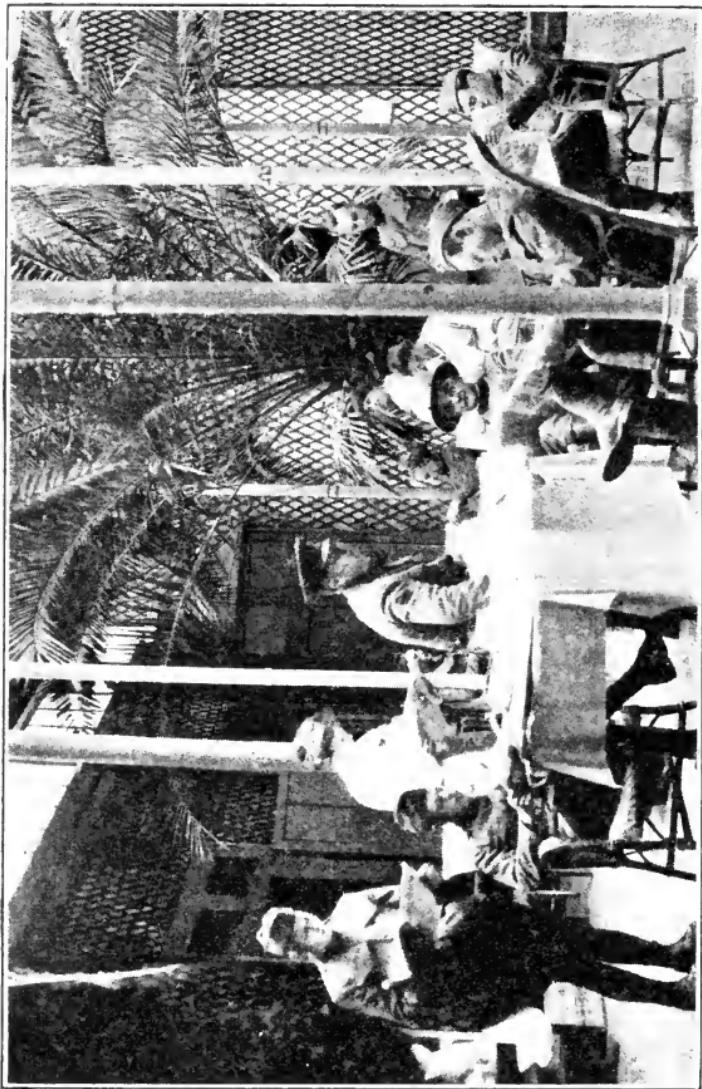
Whether all of the enlisted men of the Army and Navy are fully informed as to the scientific angles of the democracy for which they have come to fight is doubtful. As I passed a soldier one night up near the front sitting at the windward side of a soup kitchen in a cold rain, he looked sadly at me and said: "Isn't it h—— trying to make the world safe for the Democrats?" I wouldn't vouch for his being able to pass a severe examination upon "autocracies," "part democracies," or "full democracies"; but the Army itself is the greatest illustration of the great doctrine. It is a leveler of all forms, conditions, and future expectations of men. It teaches a respect for personality, regardless of information, that has not hitherto been known in life. At any moment, at any place, under any condition, one is apt to be speaking to angels unawares. I have met as private soldiers in the mud of the trenches multi-millionaires, sons of ease, luxury, and privilege, and at the same spot

and time the poorest farmer boy. I met a graduate of one of the world's greatest universities sitting humped up in a dugout with a chap who did not know the difference between an adjective and a crown prince. At another place a musician who has shone with luster in Grand Opera, is familiar with the great composers, and personally acquainted with the best directors, is in the same platoon with a crowd who could not whistle "Dixie." Here is a soldier who told me he had once traveled the seas with his father in a private yacht on guard with comrades who crossed in steerage. One Sunday night, "Mothers' Day," in a hut standing in one spot I became acquainted with three men, one a graduate of Amherst, one of Yale, and one of Pratt Institute. In the same meeting, crowded like matches in a box, were negroes, Indians, and South Sea Islanders. I noticed when we were singing that the Yale man was sharing his hymn book with the blackest negro who ever came from Alabama. This is the democratic army fighting

to make democracy universal. They are sleeping in the same beds, eating the same mess, telling the same stories, singing the same songs, and longing for the same victory.

This is not to be observed alone among the ordinary soldiers and sailors. It is commented on freely that there has never been known such a friendliness between officers and men as that being worked out here. Of course there is discipline and must be; of course there are some snobs among the great number of officers and also some grouchy soldiers. The snobs are mostly Second Lieutenants who feel their importance and are afraid they may not be properly recognized. But taken as a whole the relationships are typical of the new democracy and brotherhood for which the world travails. Some of us were afraid at first that conscription might not be the best method for securing our Army. We felt men might lose some of the glory of volunteering, that the result might be an army of malcontents; but these

RECEPTION ROOM IN OFFICERS' HUT



fears have been proven groundless. These men feel the glory of the task and they are satisfied that their selection has been "on the square"; and while they may not have thought it all out philosophically, they seem somehow to know that they typify what they fight for.

The situation also seems to speak almost the last word of judgment upon artificial human distinctions. Side by side in these ports, camps, and trenches, fighting for a common cause of human freedom, there are to be found Jews, Gentiles, Protestants, Greek and Roman Catholics, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Hindus; red, brown, yellow, black, and white men; Russians, Poles, Portuguese, Italians, French, English; sons of the latest word in modernism, children of the most ancient philosophy of the Orient. These warriors, representing scores of nations and creeds, cradled in the most diverse traditions, are becoming one in the strength of their united purpose: what a promise for the new day at the end of the conflict!

Physical Condition and Morale

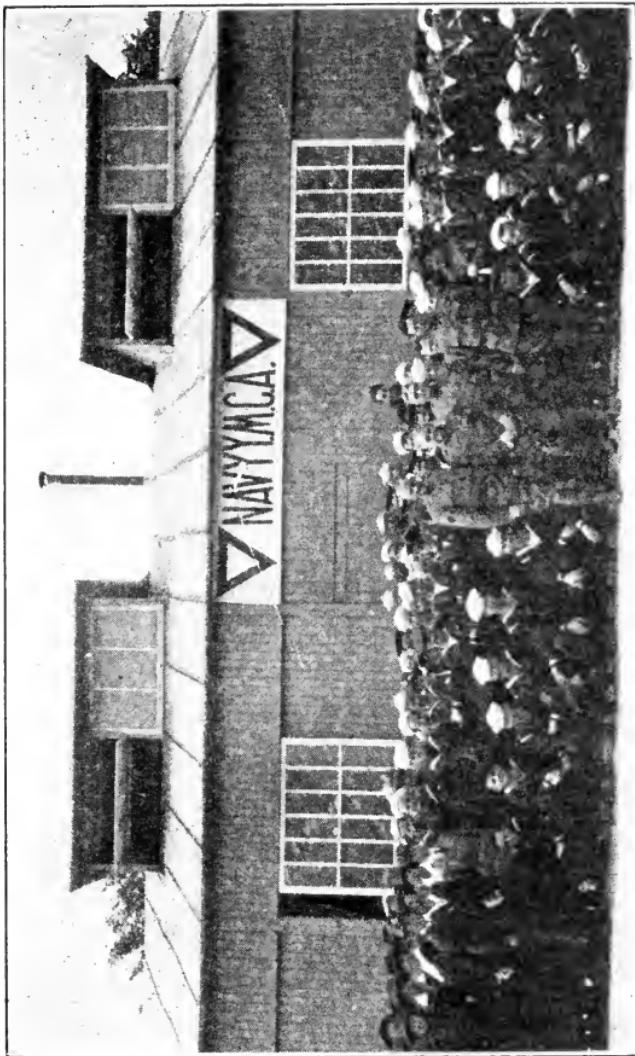
No one coming in intimate contact with these men can fail to be at once impressed with their physical ruggedness. They are swarthy, erect, and alert in step. This gives evidence that they have been well fed, and frequent visits to their mess offer final proof of this fact. The Government has evidently fully determined that food conservation shall be a home recreation and virtue and not an army discipline. They do not have chocolate éclairs or peach melbas served very often. Plum puddings are reserved for the home coming. But good meals every day, lots of splendid meat, white bread, and vegetables in abundance are pushed up to them regularly. It is a striking thing to learn that the over-fat fellows have the superfluous worn off and the thin fellows have filled out. There is some illness and there are some deaths, but I venture the belief that both are in much less degree than would have been true if they had remained at home. This

condition also is an index of the care being given to sanitation in the camps. The men do not have rooms with hot and cold running water, but they are protected from bad water or infected surroundings. When they have camped in some dirty village, as often occurs, the first order and duty has invariably been the "clean up." I have noted with care conditions in over eighty camps visited and failed to find one with any suggestion of sanitary surroundings that would lead to illness. This observation has been a delight when I remembered some of the camps in the Spanish-American War of 1898, where camp food and sanitation seemed to have been a minor consideration with those in command.

Physical condition has its unquestioned bearing on morale, of which so much is said. A sick man can hardly be expected to be enthusiastic about anything. The Government has been wise in laying a sound, physical platform upon which to build a spirit of victory. I found the men full of good cheer,

ready to play games with real delight. At one camp, there were four football games and ten baseball games going on at one time; and the rooting was like bedlam let loose. The one never-ceasing desire with them all is to hurry up and get into the actual fighting. This desire is not simply a "craze for something else," as some have said, but rather the expression of a deep belief in the war, and a determination to win—a restlessness to go over the top and do their bit. I spoke one night to 800 men from two regiments that had been in battle and had been hit hard, and when I asked them where they wanted to go next—with what seemed to be one voice they yelled, "Back at 'em again!" They are trained hard as iron, they are full of good spirit, they are dominated by an intelligent patriotism, and they will fight to the end as their chance comes.

The more visible evidence of these traits is in the Army, because so much of the fighting is on land; but in three visits to navy centers the same was found to be true of the



DEDICATION OF FIRST NAVAL HUT IN FRANCE

sailors. The German Navy, apart from the submarine, prefers to remain a silent partner in the war and is where “no self-respecting navy ought to be.” I found the men of our naval wing proud and enthusiastic in their task, keeping the path of the ocean safe for the transports. I saw one convoy of destroyers and warships bringing troops into harbor, and it seemed as though there was a smile of delight on the bow of each of those destroyers, as again they reported with their job well done. It is a grand Navy and a grand Army, sound in wind, limb, and heart, and it will yet make the Hun tremble.

Morality and Religion

Even above physical condition and morale, in the minds and hearts of “home folks,” stands the question of morals and religion. The date when the war will end, the extent of our victory, the new map of Europe—these are all themes of absorbing interest, but secondary to the great character issue. Anxiety is so keen upon this point be-

cause men wisely believe that as goes the battle in the realm of morality and religion so eventually will all the rest go. To boast of fine morale and sound physique while morals decay would be an empty satisfaction to an anxious home people.

Rightly to understand this aspect of the situation is no easy task.

It is confusing because of the conflicting impressions which are possible as one comes in contact with our men. I can easily understand how one man happening to be in some particular spot might be led to believe that morality had broken down and that irreligion, drunkenness, and licentiousness were to be the eventual order. There have been occasional outbursts of this kind. I can at the same time understand how another man seeing at another angle might be equally deceived into believing the men were all being fitted to become deacons, vestrymen, and Sunday school superintendents. There are manifestations that suggest this possibility. Needless to say neither of these conclusions

can be accepted as sound. The searcher for the real truth at this point ought to go armed with the axiom, "Beware of the single incident."

It is also confusing because it is so difficult to bring the home folks into sympathy with the changing views of these enlisted men as to what morality and religion mean to them. I have heard no man in the Army or Navy, at home camp, or in France, call in question the validity of the decalogue. But I have been shocked sometimes to learn the virtues the warrior regards as preeminent. *They are different* from the traditionally accepted ones taught in our Sunday schools, churches, and home Young Men's Christian Association. That is a mild conclusion. This greatest war, these vastest armies and navies, these mightiest battles, this awful slaughter of life and property are forging a new moral code for the participating men.

If you ask an audience of sailors or soldiers, as I did on more than one occasion, to name what they regard the worst sin in the

world, they will not go back to the list heard hysterically condemned in the revival meetings and probably not to those frequently heard in sermons. For illustration, to preach to these audiences against playing cards, dancing, and theater-going would be the supreme humor of the century. Playing baseball on Sunday afternoon is boasted of as a Christian grace; it is positively spoken of as a mark of piety. Even profanity is not, to them at least, a serious offense. After some weeks in this scene it is easy to understand what Harry Emerson Fosdick meant when he said, "I have never till now heard profanity when it sounded like a prayer."

Leaving to others the academic discussion of these failings, the soldiers and the sailors condemn with burning in their souls such as these—"Cowards." Profanity, drunkenness, and gambling will find a gentle rebuke, if any, but that a *coward* ought to be shut out from the light forever is the general view of the soldier. I believe this hatred of cowardice is universally regarded as the cardinal

grace in the soldier's code of morality and to be guilty of cowardice the supreme sin. *Selfishness* is a close second. "Will he share his chow with a pal? Will he divide his kit?" This is also the acid test of good character with soldiers, rather than keeping the "morning watch" or testifying in the prayer meeting. *Generosity*—to have a standing of worth in the soldier's bible a man must be generous with his money, generous in judgment of his comrades' frailties, generous towards the officers' foolish orders. A man who passes 95 per cent on this examination will have very few questions asked in the barracks of the kind propounded in the "Pastor's Class" or in the hour of confirmation. *Humility* bulks large in the analysis of character made in the military camp. They spurn a blowhard, a braggart, a conceited ass. I found a soldier in a camp way up front, the son of a man I had known and respected, who seemed to be in bad with his company and very unhappy. I made inquiries to learn if I could help him. He had

not been drunk and did not gamble, and about all I could find to his discredit was summed up by his best acquaintances, when I urged them to tell me what the trouble was, by saying: "Oh, he blows too much!" A casual observer might have suspected him of some gross breach of the moral law by the manner with which his company mates shunned him. Before judgment is passed upon the morality of the Army, this new state of mind they have entered into must be recognized. Whether right or wrong, it is a vital factor. They care positively not at all for the genesis of these qualities, but to have them is the beginning of morality and to be without them is the sum of all villainies in their estimation.

It is confusing properly to estimate this question of morality, too, because of a certain idealism at home, largely prompted by foolish lecturing and preaching about how "*war ennobles.*" That sort of talk is dangerously close to insanity. Better far and nearer true to accept Sherman's definition

and then try to make the best of it. This is typified and made amusing in casually looking over some of the literature sent by well-meaning friends to the Young Men's Christian Association Headquarters in Paris to be distributed to the men in the service. I saw a 400-page book entitled "Daniel's Vision of Heaven"; another, "Meditations in the Gloaming"; and a tract, "By the Still Waters." Literally tons of this stuff reveal how far afield a lot of people are about the mind and condition of the soldiers.

We may as well all know that these men are not coming home each with a Bible in one hand and a hymn book in the other, repeating the twenty-third psalm and singing, "Will there be any star in my crown?" Idealism at home is sure to sustain a severe shock if we fail to reckon with those newer accents in morality to which the men have been led by trench or camp experience.

It becomes confusing again when the morality, so-called, is associated with religion. Never have I felt so called upon to

know myself at least what was meant by "Religion" as before this vast uniformed audience. Not dogmas, creeds, technical experiences, but *deeds* are the profound demand of the military man. With this understanding I make bold the confident assertion that, when all the story is told, our Army and Navy will stand morally the best that ever went on battle-field or sea. I have heard this many times from officers of allied armies, from the lips of the people of France, from old naval and army officers of our forces, whose experience and knowledge went back to other wars. I believe it from my own observation and memory of the Spanish-American war.

Do these men believe in God? Yes, a thousand times. Men who doubted that in civil life, believe now. Do they believe in Christ? Yes, I am persuaded that thousands who have prayed other days without the thought of Christ as the answer to their cry, are thinking of his life and teaching of whom the angels sang: "Peace on earth,



DELIVERING SUPPLIES TO FRONT LINE HUTS

good will to men." Do they believe in immortality? Yes, emphatically. When a comrade who has been brave, unselfish, generous, humble, "goes West" they cannot wipe him out at "taps." I have at times—not often, but enough to get a lead—tested them about the future of the Church and organized religion. They have found com-

mon fellowship in the trenches, in a world crisis of material government; they are to ask for a common altar, a common prayer, a common communion. Perplexed about many questions, they are longing for a way to go on when they get back and carry out that for which they have fought and for which they have seen so many of their comrades die. At their side, in barrack, trench, and camp are the chaplain and the Young Men's Christian Association secretary, typifying very largely these religious ideals. They hear them asking no complicated questions about theology. They see Catholics Greek and Roman, Protestant Episcopal and Nonconformist, Jewish Rabbi and Wesleyan, all standing side by side at the burial of the dead, saying a united prayer of hope. They see the Young Men's Christian Association preaching but little, *serving day and night*. They have seen these men and women wearing the uniform of a Christian organization typifying the Church and the message of Christ. The secretaries were

with them at home training camps, they were with them at the "shove off" dock as they sailed away, they were with them on the transport during those long anxious days. They greeted them at the "somewhere" over there, they found them at the communication trench, and on the last outpost where the smell of death was familiar. They remembered them as comrades in the battle. They had served coffee, chocolate, sandwiches, when there was no time or place to get them. They have all of these never-to-be-forgotten memories of what these God-fearing, human-loving people did in the name of Christ. They *said* but little, they *served* much.

In the influence of this upon religion, it is well to be reminded that the whole Army and the whole Navy have been members in some form of this Young Men's Christian Association parish. Taken as a whole by and large, these men have been asking the deepest questions of life, duty, and eternity, to be expressed in courage, self-sacrifice, and service. Religion, yes, of the kind they

dreamed of as they lay on the open field—a religion of comradeship and service.

Every city in the United States will one day have its quota of returned veterans of this war. Every church will have its young men come back, but changed. Sad will be that hour for organized religion if its call fails to move the emotion and wills as they were moved when in camps, huts, barracks, ships, dugouts, and trenches the men sang: “I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps, His day is marching on.”

They have been passing through great experiences, let them be called by any name, “spiritual” or something else, it matters little. They will not tolerate petty, hackneyed platitudes in moralities or trivialities in church expressions.

IV

A SQUARE DEAL

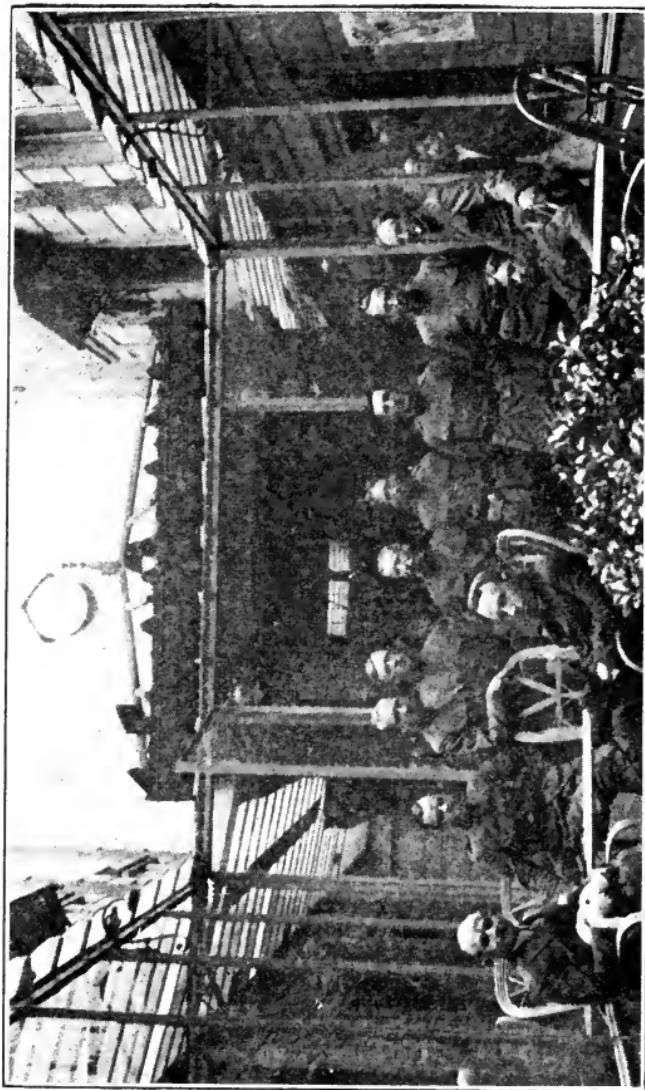
Since writing the earlier impressions of the Expeditionary Force, I have been for the third time clear through to the end of the front line trench. The memory is vivid. These men have been seen again, these sons of American soil, the best in mind, body, and years the nation has, literally staking everything to win this war. They have put the last asset they possess upon the altar of their country's honor—their future prospects if they live, their health if they live, their life, if the winning of the battle demands it. All, everything is staked. They know and understand fully that this war is not one whit more theirs than it is the war of the people at home. Because they are of the age and condition to happen to be wearing the uniform and are to do the fighting, does not make them any more responsible for the war than the men and women who stay at home. They are the last men living to ask pity. I

hear no such request anywhere. They do not ask for charity. They do not ask to be coddled. There will be very few slackers in this oversea contingent of over a million already on the soil of France. They are there and are gladly ready to do their bit to the uttermost.

What they do ask and have a right to expect is *a square deal*.

The peril of slackers is in the United States, not in France. Every man, woman, and child at home must do some sacrificial service commensurate with that so freely given by the soldiers. I have just read a letter from a man somewhere in America, complaining because there are so many "drives." "Liberty Bonds," "Thrift Stamps," "Red Cross," "Young Women's Christian Association," and "Young Men's Christian Association," have gotten on his stingy nerves. He ought to blush at his words and ought to have ten days in a close-up front trench in the rain and mud, with Bosche shells falling around him day and

night. He would think of the appeals at home as a happy opportunity rather than an irksome duty. The "at homes" must give and give and give again, if they are to save their own souls during this era of the world's tragic history. The Government must do its duty through the quartermaster's and ordnance departments to fulfil its part in the square deal. A man in this official service, who by neglect or inefficiency permits these men to suffer or be needlessly killed, ought to be shot at sunrise. The nation as a whole ought by generous contributions to see that every dollar necessary is promptly forthcoming for their moral care and physical upkeep. It is no time for any man to figure what percentage of his income is to be given away. This crisis demands a sacrifice of not only the income but the principal as well, and if need be the hypothecating of the future. The soldier has invested all three of these plus his comfort; the man at home is a poor patriot who does less. There are many worthy calls, but as I have viewed them and



ASSOCIATION SPECIALISTS CONFER WITH REPRESENTATIVES OF OTHER BODIES
Judge Ben J. Lindsey, Raymond B. Fosdick, and Burton Stevenson seated

have studied their work at first hand in camp and trench, I believe the Young Men's Christian Association to be most vital. I have already written my estimate of this work. In reiterating it, it may not be out of order to say that the writer is not an employed officer of the organization and therefore writes without any bias of executive responsibility. But from the standpoint of patriotism, of an early winning of the war, of love for the Christian Church, and of a square deal all around, I pray God that the American people may of their abundance see that all the money required is constantly made available, that no soldier of the United States Army or sailor of the United States Navy shall go wrong morally without at least having had a fair chance to keep right.

V

ALL EYES LOOKING TO AMERICA

The passengers have just come in from a restful sight on the decks of the great ship. The gunners have been wiping out the guns, have pulled the tarpaulin over them and tied it down, as much as to say that the danger is over and all may have a good sleep. For hours and hours past they have never ceased their vigil by night or day. Once these same faithful gunners saved the ship and probably some of our lives, so the passengers unanimously believe, for at least one submarine got inside the convoy and up to within a perilous closeness, in plain sight, in broad daylight, and then the ship's guns cut loose and she went down forever. We saw the lifeboats, which had been hanging over the side ready for quick action, brought in and also tied down where they belonged in the days before the war when all the people said, "Bon Voyage." Boat drills are over

and I have thrown away the card with instructions to "report to No. 9 in case of an emergency." The life belts which many had carried constantly since the start have been discarded. The captain has come from the bridge for his first real rest in days. Everybody and everything seems to have been loosed from the clutch of a certain tension which held us as we passed through the "danger zone." We have sailed through uncertain waters. Six big ships have been convoyed by six perfectly splendid torpedo boat destroyers. We have seen the Bosche "subs." We have dropped depth bombs. We have fired our own ship guns and "zig-zagged" our course till we were dizzy.

At one spot we were told by an officer, "Just about there lies the 'Lusitania'"—with her precious toll of lives, assassinated by Germany, without warning; at another place he pointed to where the "Tuscania" was hit and the American soldiers sent to the bottom. We have ridden over waters that held in their sad grip millions upon millions'

worth of ships and cargo, to say nothing of lives, of untimely sacrifice.

Notwithstanding these precautions, the marvel after all is the safety of the seas. Reports may come of a ship torpedoed, but not a word of fifty which proudly sail into European and American harbors without a mishap. Germany is defeated on the sea and every hour puts that peril farther in the background. In spite of methods resorted to in violation of all rules of warfare, any one of us would feel safer tomorrow if we were to start back over the sea and the same path than we would in anticipation of dodging street cars and automobiles at the corner of Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue.

Memory also takes me back over the weeks in France and England, most of them spent in the actual battle zone, where air raids were common, bursting shells a steady diet, the roar of cannon constant, wounded soldiers everywhere, and new-made graves the ghastly testimony of war's havoc. By a good

Providence, now this conspicuous danger zone where life seems so uncertain, where hate seems so fierce, and where war seems to have become the daily task of all the people, is behind, and we all turn our eyes toward blessed America. She seems to be the hope of the whole world in this vexed hour. Everywhere in France, England, and Scotland, I heard the hope of what America would do voiced by every tongue. I find myself today filled with this overwhelming thought of the stewardship of my own native people. I have passed this way many times and therefore the impressions are not due simply to the fact that I am coming home. True, a genuine American can never come this way without that sense of love and devotion to his own being kindled afresh. But this time all of that natural feeling is moved, and something vastly deeper, a sort of profound depth of awe and a wonder whether America can live up to this new world responsibility. Other times when en route with Europeans over this course, they have

smiled and good-naturedly joked about America's eccentricities and juvenile ways. But not so now. Today there are great Britishers, Frenchmen, and Italians hurrying to Washington upon official missions, all saying that as goes America so goes the world.

These eyes are turned to us because they feel certain that we have the final key to a glorious winning of the war. I tremble a little in the presence of the unbounded confidence of our Allies that we will bring the men, ships, guns, and money yet necessary to win. They have fought a ruthless enemy for four long years. They are not "bled white," but they have suffered much. They have seen poor Russia, betrayed by a kiss, lie down to be robbed. Now America has come, they know of her resources in man power and dollars. They have an almost uncanny respect for her genius. They fervently expect the "trick to be turned" by the added strength she will bring. If I had power, in this moment, to speak to every man, woman, and child of my own Nation, I

would say in tones, the strongest possible, *We must pay the uttermost farthing to win the war.* Our form of government is at stake, our liberty is involved, our honor is on trial. If America fail now, the stories of Lexington, Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, Trenton, Gettysburg, and Appomattox may as well be taken from public school text books and the children taught to forget our past. Not long ago General Pershing, bidding goodbye to some returning Americans, said: "Tell the folks at home, *we can win, we will win, we must win.*" This ought to be the slogan of America till every line in President Wilson's fourteen articles of peace principles have been realized. Let no soft wind of seductive German philosophy turn us from this course, else these eyes that look toward us today with hope and confidence shall have looked in vain and future generations will be compelled to say we were weighed in the balance and found wanting.

It may seem presumptuous for an ordinary man to suggest anything of terms by which

the war may honorably be concluded amid the wealth of proposals already at hand, but it would seem that the whole future of world relations justly demand that the war be steadily prosecuted till Germany is so thoroughly defeated that the newspapers of Berlin publish acknowledgment of the collapse of the Prussian method of ruling the world. The war will only be half done if Germany is left to claim victory even among her own people. These longing eyes ask America to stand for a real victory, about which there can be no camouflage.

The weeks have made apparent also that the eyes which turn toward America think not only of the immediate war issue, but are thinking, too, of the new internationalism which is being born and into which America is being thrust. Back in older days I do not recall hearing any questions asked about the views of America upon problems of European politics. If we had any views they were not taken seriously. This is changed now. I was embarrassed again and again by being

asked to give the American view of technical issues of trade relations, international courts, sea treaties, rights of small states, and legislative functions concerning which I knew but little or nothing. I remember vividly a conversation in 1905 with an English statesman who ridiculed our political methods rather severely. In meeting the same man now, he is found full of expectation that in the program of rebuilding the civilization which has been so badly shattered America will be a potent, if not a controlling factor. At every turn when the future with its plans is discussed, in some form or other, some one asks, "What will President Woodrow Wilson say about that?" It would seem that his words, voicing America's new power in internationalism, have reached farther and gone deeper than any others spoken since 1914. The United States may not hope, when the last shot is fired and the peace document is signed, to slip back into the quiet snug security of the "Monroe Doctrine" as her only responsibility. This nation has had

an unexpected and unsought birth into the realm of world politics; and now, where courts sit and conferences convene, there will go the American, not for the purpose of guarding the western hemisphere alone but to share actively in the enforcement of justice throughout the whole world. This realization in Europe adds new zest to the eyes that peer out to the shores of the land beautiful, beyond the present danger zone.

Far and away above all queries about how many warriors we may produce, or how many guns we may manufacture, or how many dollars we may spend, or what may be our vote on questions of world politics, I have been impressed that these eyes looking out from the danger zone of Europe are wondering if America may not be the hope of the new moral idealism which the world must discover if this passing out of the danger zone is to be anything more than a transient relief. At its tap root the present catastrophe is a breakdown in morality. Political Germany, in the days at least as far



A TYPICAL FRONT LINE TRENCH HUT

back as Bismarck, has been choosing the moral code of Voltaire and the Turk, rather than that of Christ and the New Testament. The Hague Conference was not wanting in ethical sense. The clause of neutrality was all that could be desired in letter. The whole thing collapsed for lack of moral earnestness in Germany. No matter what may be the

terms of the peace to be written now, no matter what may be the geographical adjustments, no matter what indemnities are agreed upon, no matter how severely the enemy may be defeated by the sword, unless a new great morality, wide and deep enough to influence the whole world, is promulgated, the same devilish thing will happen again. This I found freely and heartily concurred in by French and Britishers alike. I was bewildered and made sometimes to tremble as I learned how much these eyes look out of the wreck of war across the sea to America as the hope of this new world message in morals. They have heard of how we with our cousins, the Canadians, are smiting the whiskey traffic which all Europe has not dared as yet to rebuke. They have heard of how these two nations by the sea have wiped out open vice, which seems to flaunt itself at noonday on the European streets. They have heard that Canada and the United States with a border line of over three thousand miles have not a single gun

of defense on either side, while European boundaries can all be followed by the forts. These eager-looking eyes may not be ready to follow these paths in detail, but I am sure there is suggested to them all, that somehow we have the secret of moral idealism with which the whole world must be imbued if these guns are to "cease firing" permanently.

One of the greatest souls I met, great in British patriotism, great in loyalty to the war, great in knowledge of world politics, said to me with pathetic emotion: "Go to your President and tell him that the whole world expects him to set it right from its moral tangle." This I take to be suggestive of the hope these eyes express, as they peer through the fog, of a new leadership in the moral world, which can make brotherhood and good will supplant greed and selfishness.

Knowing these facts, my soul revolts with indignation at the thought of any man on the soil of that land for which my heart longs today and my eyes anxiously wait who will do a dishonorable thing. True patriotism

calls for sound morals. Let us make trickery in politics such a disgrace that a man would lose every friend if caught in an act of that kind. Let graft in business be branded with a traitor's shame. Let domestic infidelity become so vile that the guilty will have to walk the path of life as though without a country. As I feel today, any man guilty of these ought to be shot at sunrise as they shoot traitors in a battle or spies in the camp. At the very core of this question is the vexed one of the standard of citizenship to be demanded by the United States in this period of reconstruction. I am fully persuaded that if we are to attain in the realm of this grander moral leadership, a higher plane of citizenship will be essential. We have peddled out far too cheaply "papers" to all sorts, kinds, types, and conditions. We have tolerated too long the noisy ranter with poison in his tongue, hurling epithets at the very basis of the Government. Sometimes he has worn an "I. W. W." badge, sometimes he has occupied a

chair in a university, sometimes he has been called a “preacher” of a kind. Whether the remedy is in new legislation, making the requirements of a more exacting nature, or whether it may be the enforcement of what we have, I am not fully assured. But I do know the hour has fully struck when talk of that character ought to cease. If any men or women under the Stars and Stripes, from ocean to ocean, from gulf to lake, do not like the system of government or the methods of procedure which have brought the nation to such a glorious heritage, passports ought to be furnished them promptly and their departure made easy to other shores. Superb morals are an empty dream where anarchy is advocated and class hatred engendered.

America, wake up, your heritage is great, your future is rich in power, the eyes grown weary of the strain of the “danger zone” are looking to you. A new sense of God, a bigger interpretation of Christianity, a wider morality in internationalism, are your op-

portunity as a contribution to permanent peace and universal brotherhood.

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